

Commendatory VERSES:

Or, A S T E P towards

A POETICAL WAR,

BETWIXT

COVENT-GARDEN and CHEAP-SIDE.

By several Hands.

Together with

An E P I T O M E of that Immortal P O E M,

Truly call'd,

A Satyr against Wit.

The Second Edition.

To which is added,

Lent-Entertainment: or, A Merry Interview
by Moon-light, between the Ghost of *Mæ-*
vius of ancient Renown and the City-Bard.

*ably Dedicated to all the honourable Citizens within the Bills of
Mortality,*

By Mr. O.



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To all the Honourable C I T I Z E N S within the
Bills of Mortality, below the Dignity of Com-
mon-council-men.

Fellow C I T I Z E N S,

I Am no Orator, I own it, nor ever made a Speech in my Life, but once in the Vestry, about choosing a Lecturer, and new Lettering the Church-Buckets: but this I'll be bold to say, That no Man is a heartier Well-wisher to the Prosperity of this Protestant City than myself. Now I must tell you, Gentlemen, that you don't take so much Notice of a certain Author, who does you the Honour to reside among you, as his great Qualities deserve. You only consult him as a Physician; and indeed I must needs say he is a pretty Physician; He has eas'd many of you of those heavy Burdens, call'd Wives and Children; and, out of his Zeal to the Publick, has helpt to thin the overstock of Traders: But still you must give me leave to tell you, that you overlook his principal Talent, for Physick is what he values himself least upon. He is a Poet, pray be not scandalized at the Word, he is a Poet, I say, but of sober solid Principles, and as hearty an Enemy to Wit as the best of you all: he has writ twenty thousand Verses and upwards without one Grain of Wit in them; nay, he has declar'd open War against it, and, despising it in himself, is resolved not to endure it in any one else. When he is in his Coach, instead of pretending to read where he can't see, as some Doctors do; or thinking of his Patient's Case, which none of them do, he is still listening to the Chimes, to put his Ear in tune, and stumbles upon a Distich every Kennel he is jolted over. Nay, even in Coffee-houses, when other People are cleansing Chester-Harbour, banishing Popish Priests, disposing the Crown of Spain, repairing Dover-Peer, pitying the poor Scots at Darien, or settling the Affairs of Poland; he is sending Heroics on the back of a Newspaper with his Pencil, and wou'd give more for a Rhime to Radziowski than a Specific for the Gout. Those flashy Fellows, your Covent-garden Poets, are good for nothing, but to run into our Debts, lye with our Wives, and break unmanly Jest upon us Citizens; then, like a parcel of Sots, they write for Fame and Immortality; but this Gentleman is above such Trifles, and, as he prescribes, so he writes for the Good of Trade. He's a particular Benefactor to the Manufacture of the Nation; and, at this present Minute, to my certain knowledge, keeps Ten Paper-mills a going with his Job and Habakkuk, and his other Hebrew Heroes. There's scarce a Cook, Grocer, or Tobacconist within the City-Walls but is the better for his Works; nay, one that is well acquainted with his Secret History, has assured me, that his main design in writing the two Arthurs, whatever he pretended in his Preface, was only to help the poor Trunk-makers at a Pinch, when Quarles and Ogilby were all spent, and they wanted other Materials. Above all, you can't imagine what a singular Deference he pays to a golden Chain; 'tis impossible for a rich Man with him, either to be a Knaves or a Blockhead: he never sees the Cap of Maintenance, but is ready to worship

The Epistle Dedicatory.

it; and, in compliment to the Sword-bearer, wou'd, I dare engage for him, sooner write a Panegyric upon Custard, than any of the Cardinal Virtues, tho' he pretends to be their Champion.

This may serve, Fellow-Citizens, to give you some Idea of the Man; but what we most want his Assistance in, is to reform several enormous Abuses that have crept in among us. The Poetry of our Bell-men, which in its first Institution contain'd many excellent Lessons of Piety, is grown very loose and immoral, and gives our Wives and Daughters wicked Ideas, when it awakes them at Midnight. The Tobacco-boxes too seem engag'd in a general Confederacy to bring Vice into esteem; their lewd Inscriptions charge Religion with desperate Resolution, and have given it many deep and ghastly Wounds. Our Posies for Rings are either immodest, or irreligious; and we see few Verses on our Ale-house Signs, but have some spiteful and envious Strokes at Sobriety and Good-manners, whence the Apprentices of this Populous City have apparently received very bad Impressions. 'Tis great Pity that our Magistrates, in whose Power it is, have not yet restrained the Licentiousness of these Rhimes, and obliged the Writers of them to observe more Decorum. But, since they are so remiss in their Duty, retain this Gentleman on the side of Religion, and you'll soon see these Enormities Vanish. Besides, being of a goodly Person, if you desired him now and then, upon a Solemn Occasion, to walk before a Pageant; or march at the Head of the Blew-coat Infantry, at the Burial of one of his own Patients, with how much more Decency and Gravity wou'd those Public Ceremonies be perform'd? And then who so proper to inflame the Courages of our City-Militia, as our Parson tells me, one Tyrtæus did of old, by the Repetition of his own Lines? Well, cou'd I but be so happy as to see him once appear in the Front of our Finsbury-Squadrons, or animate with his noble Compositions the Wrestlers in Moor-fields, I shou'd not doubt to see our ancient Military Genius come in Play, and every London 'Prentice able to worst his Brace of Lions. Therefore, Fellow-Citizens, for mine, for your own, and your Families sakes, hug and cherish this worthy Gentleman, make him free of all your Companies, for he's as well qualified for any of them as his own; carry him to all your Entertainments, nay even to your private Deliberations over Brawn and Quest-ale, and when any foreign Ambassador is treated by the City, get him to pay the Compliment in Verse, and the R-c-r-d-r may second him in Prose; put the entire Management of Smithfield into his Hands, and make him absolute Monarch of all the Booths and Poppet-shews. Above all, let him endeavour by the Melody of his Rhimes (and what can withstand 'em?) to call back our fugitive Mercers from Covent-garden to Ludgate-hill and Pater-noster-row. Since we are for new Painting our City-gates, why should we not Furbish up our old Heroes in new Metre? Why should poor King Lud and his two trusty Sons, Temancus and Androgeus, be forgotten? Or what harm have the Giants at Guild-hall and Whittington's Cat done to be buried in oblivion? There are a thousand other Subjects to employ his Muse, wherein he may discreetly intersperse some notable Precepts against Trusting, some pretty Touches in defence of Usury, and some handsom Consolations for Cuckoldom, all which might be of admirable use to season and confirm our City-Youth in the true Principles of their Ancestors: And what if you cou'd persuade him to write a few pacifying Strains to calm the distemper'd Spirits of our Car-men and the Oyster-women at Bilingsgate? In short, these are some of the Topics you may recommend to him. Let him make Verses for us Citizens, and prescribe Physic to the Fools without Temple-bar. I am,

Your Loving Friend,
O. S.

Commendatory V E R S E S,
ON THE

A U T H O R
OF THE
Two A R T H U R S,
AND THE
Satyr against Wit.

*A Short and True History of the Author of the Satyr
against Wit.*

BY Nature meant, by Want a Pedant made,
Bl——re at first profess'd the Whipping Trade;
Grown fond of Buttocks, he wou'd Lash no more,
But kindly Cur'd the A—— he Gall'd before.
So Quack commenc'd; then, fierce with Pride, he swore,
That Tooth-ach, Gripes, and Corns shou'd be no more.
In vain his Druggs as well as Birch he try'd,
His Boys grew Blockheads, and his Patients dy'd.
Next he turn'd Bard, and, mounted on a Cart,
Whose hideous Rumbling made *Apollo* start,
Burlesqu'd the Bravest, Wisest S O N of *Mars*.
In Ballad-rhimes, and all the Pomp of Farce.

Still he chang'd Callings, and at length has hit
 On Bus'ness for his matchless Talent fit,
 To give us Drenches for the Plague of Wit.

Upon the Author of the Satyr against Wit.

A Grave Physician, us'd to write for Fees,
 And spoil no Paper, but with Recipe's,
 Is now turn'd Poet, rails against all Wit,
 Except that Little found among the Great.
 As if he thought true Wit and Sence were ty'd
 To Men in Place, like Avarice, or Pride.
 But in their Praise so like a Quack he talks,
 You'd swear he wanted for his *Christmas*-box.
 With mangled Names old Stories he pollutes,
 And to the present Time past Action suits;
 Amaz'd we find, in ev'ry Page he writes,
 Members of Parliament with *Arthur's* Knights.
 It is a common Pastime to write Ill ;
 And Doctor, with the rest e'en take thy fill.
 Thy Satyr's harmless : 'Tis thy Prose that kills,
 When thou Prescrib'st thy Potions, and thy Pills.

*To that Incomparable Panegyrist, the Author of the
 Satyr upon Wit.*

Henceforth no more in thy Poetick Rage
 Burlesque the God-like Heroes of the Age;
 No more King *Arthur* be with Labour writ,
 But follow Nature, and still rail at Wit.
 For this thy mighty Genius was design'd,
 In this thy Cares a due Success may find.

Opi-

Opinions we more easily receive
 From Guides that practise by those Rules they give :
 So Dullness thou may'st write into Esteem,
 Thy great Example, as it is thy Theme.
 Hope not to joyn, (like *G-rth's* Immortal Lays,)
 The keenest Satyr with the finest Praise.
 Thy Satyrs bite not, but like *Æsop's* As
 Thou kick'st the Darling whom thou would'st caress.
 Would'st thou our Youth from Poetry affright,
 'Tis wisely done, thy self in Verse to write?
 So drunken Slaves the *Spartans* did design
 Should fright their Children from the Love of Wine.
 Go on, and rail as thou hast done before,
 Thus Lovers use when piqu'd in an Amour :
 The Nymph they can't enjoy, they call a Whore.

*The Quack Corrected: or, Advice to the Knight of the
 Ill-favour'd Muse.*

L Et *Bl*——re still, in good King *Arthur's* Vein,
 To *Fleckno's* Empire his just Right maintain.
 Let him his own to common Sense oppose,
 With Praise and Slander maul both Friends and Foes :
 Let him great *Dr-d-n's* awful Name profane ;
 And learned *G-rth* with envious Pride disdain.
Codron's bright Genius with vile Puns lampoon,
 And run a Muck at all the Wits in Town :
 Let the Quack scribble any thing but Bills,
 His Satyr Wounds not, but his Phyſick Kills.

To the Merry Poetaster at Sadlers-hall, in Cheap-side.

UNweildy Pedant, let thy awkward Muse
 With Censures praise, with Flatteries abuse.
 To lash and not be felt, in Thee's an Art,
 Thou ne're mad'st any, but thy School-boys smart.
 Then be advis'd, and scribble not agen,
 Thou'rt fashion'd for a Flail and not a Pen.
 If *B--l's* immortal Wit thou woud'st decry,
 Pretend 'tis He that writ Thy Poetry.
 Thy feeble Satyr ne're can do him wrong,
 Thy Poems, and thy Patients live not long.

An Equal Match: or, A Drawn Battle.

A Monument of Dullness to erect,
B—y shou'd Write, and *Bl—re* shou'd Correct;
 Like which no other Piece can e're be wrought,
 For Decency of Stile, and Life of Thought.
 But that where *B—y* shall in Judgment sit
 To pare Excrescencies from *Bl—re's* Wit.

*To the Mirrour of British Knighthood, the Wor-
 thy Author of the Satyr against Wit; Occasion'd
 by the Hemystick, P. 8.*

—Heav ns Guard poor A—n.

MUst I then passive stand! and can I hear
 The Man I Love, abus'd, and yet forbear?
 Yet much I thank thy Favour to my Friend,
 'Twas some Remorse thou didst not him commend.

Thou

Thou dost not all my Indignation raise,
For I prefer thy Pity to thy Praise;

In vain thou woud'st thy Name, dull Pedant, hide,
There's not a Line but smells of thy *Cheapside*.
If *Cæsar's* Bounty for your Trash you've shar'd,
You're not the first *Assassine* he has spar'd.
His Mercy, not his Justice, made thee Knight,
Which *P-r-r-r* may demand with equal Right.

Well may'st thou think an useless Talent Wit,
Thou who without it hast three Poems Writ :
Impenetrably dull, secure thou'rt found,
And can'st receive no more, than give a Wound;
Then, scorn'd by all, to some dark Corner fly,
And in Lethargic Trance expiring lie,
Till thou from injur'd *G-rth* thy Cure receive,
And *S—d* only Absolution give.

To the *Cheapside Knight*, on his Satyr against
Wit.

SOME scribbling Fops so little value Fame,
They sometimes hit, because they never Aim.
But thou for Erring, hast a certain Rule,
And, aiming, art inviolably Dull.
Thy muddy Stream, no lucid Drop supplies,
But Punns like Bubbles on the Surface rise.
All that for Wit you cou'd, you've kindly done,
You cannot write, but can be writ upon.
And a like Fate does either side besit,
Immortal Dullness, or Immortal Wit :
In just Extreame an equal Merit lies,
And *B—le* and *G-rth* with thee must share the Prize,
Since thou canst sink, as much as they can rise.

To the Indefatigable Rhimer.

O *S—rs, T—t, D—ett, M—gue,*
G—y, S—ld, C—sh, P—ke, V—n, you
 Who suffer *Bl—re* to insult your taste,
 And tamely hear him bluster in bombast.
 Bid him before he dares to write agen,
 Resign his own, and take some other Pen.
D—n, shall numbers, *C—ue* Wit inspire,
Dr—ke nicest Rules, but *B—le* and *Codron* Fire.
 Then *G—rth* shall teach him, and his witless Tribe
 First to write Sence, and after to prescribe;
 The unlearn'd Pedant, thus may please the Town,
 But his own nauseous Trash will ne'er go down.
 For naught can equal, what the Bard has writ,
 But *R—ff's* Scholarship, and *G—ns* Wit.

A modest Request to the Poetical Knight.

Since, *B—y's* Nonsense to outdo, you strive,
 Vain to be thought the Dullest Wretch alive,
 And such Inimitable Strains have writ,
 That the most famous Blockheads must submit:
 Long may you Reign, and long unenvy'd Live,
 And none Invade your great Prerogative.
 But in Return, your Poetry give ore,
 And Persecute poor *Job*, and us no more.

Whole

*Wholesome Advice to a City Knight, over-run with
Rhimes and Hypocrisie: Occasion'd by his Satyr a-
gainst Wit.*

WE bid thee not give ore the killing Trade:
Whilst Fees come in, 'tis fruitless to diswade:
Religion is a Trick, you've practis'd long,
To bring in Pence, and gull the gaping Throng.
But all thy Patients, now perceive thy aim;
They find thy Morals, and thy Skill the same.
Then, if thou would'st thy Ignorance redress,
Prythee mind Physick more, and Rhiming less.

*To a thrice Illustrious Quack, Pedant, and Bard,
on his Incomparable Poem call'd a Satyr against
Wit.*

By a L A D Y.

THou fundof Nonsense, was it not enough
That Cits and Pious Ladies lik'd thy stuff,
That as thou Copy'dst Virgil, all might see
Judicious Bell-men imitated thee.

That to thy cadence Sextons set their Chimes,
And Nurses Skimming Possets hum'd thy Rhimes.
But thou must needs fall foul on Men of Sence,
With Dullness equal to thy Impudence.

Are D—n, C—dr—n, G—th, V—k, B—le,
Those Names of Wonder, that adorn our Isle,
Fit Subjects for thy vile Pedantick Pen?
Hence sawcy Usher to thy Desk again:

Con-

Construe Dutch Notes, and pore upon Boys A—es,
But prithee write no more Heroick Farces.

Teach blooming Blockheads by thy own try'd Rules
To give us Demonstration that they're Fools.

Let 'em by N——'s Sermon-stile refine

Their English Prose, their Poetry by thine.

Let W——'s Rhimes their Emulation raise,

And Arw-k-r, Instruct 'em how to Praise.

That, when all Ages in this Truth agree,

They're finish'd Dunces, they may rival thee,

Thou only Stain to Mighty WILLIAM's Sword!

Old Jemmy never Knighted such a T—d.

For the most nauseous Mixture GOD can make,

Is a dull Pedant, and a busy Quack.

*To Sir R——Bl——re, on the Report of the Two
Arthurs being condemn'd to be hang'd.*

ONce more take Pen in Hand, Obsequious Knight,
For here's a Theme thou canst not underwrite,
Unless the Devil ow's thy Muse a Spite.

To Prince and King thy Dullness Life did give,

Let then these *Arthurs* too in Dogg'rel live.

*Occasion'd by the News that Sir R——Bl——'s Para-
phrase upon Job was in the Press.*

WHen Job, contending with the Devil, I saw,
It did my Wonder, but not Pity draw:

For I concluded, that without some Trick,

A Saint at any time cou'd match Old Nick.

Next came a fiercer Fiend upon his Back,
I mean his Spouse, and stunn'd him with her Clack.

But

But still I cou'd not pity him, as knowing
A Crabtree-cudgel soon wou'd send her going.

But when the *Quack* engag'd with *Job* I spy'd,
The Lord have Mercy on poor *Job*, I cry'd.

What *Spouse* and *Satan* did attempt in vain,
The *Quack* will compass with his murdering Pen,
And on a Dugger have poor *Job* again.
With impious Dogg'rel he'll pollute his Theme,
And make the Saint against his Will BlaspHEME.

POems and Prose of different Force lay Claim
With the same Confidence to *Tully's* Name.

And shallow Criticks were content to say,
Prose was his Bus'ness, Poetry his Play.
Thus *Cæsar* thought, thus *Brutus* and the rest,
Who knew the Man, and knew his Talent best.

Maurus arose; sworn Foe to Health and Wit,
Who *Folio* Bills and *Folio* Ballads writ.
Who buſtled much for Bread, and for Renown,
By Lyes and Poison scatter'd through the Town.
To *Roman* Wives with Veneration known,
For *Roman* Wives were very like our own.
And Husbands then we find in *Latin* Song
Wou'd Love too little, and wou'd Live too long.
Tully, says he, 'tis plain to Friends and Foes,
Writes his own Verse, but borrows all his Prose.
He Fearless was, because he was not Brave,
A Noble *Roman* wou'd not beat a Slave.
The *Consul* smiling, said, Judicious Friend,
Thy shining Genius shall thy Works defend.

Inimitable Stroaks defend thy Fame,
 Thy Beauties and thy Force are still the same,
 And I must yield with the consenting Town,
 Thy Ballads, and thy Bills, are all thy own.

*Upon the Character of Codron, as 'tis drawn by the Bung-
 ling Knight in his Satyr against Wit.*

How kind is Malice manag'd by a Sot,
 Where no Design directs the *Embrio* Thought,
 And Praise and Satyr stumble out by Lot.

The Mortal Thrust to *Codron's* Heart design'd,
 Proves a soft wanton Touch to charm his Mind.

Can *M--nt-gue* or *D-rs-t* higher soar!

Or can Immortal *Sh-ff--ld* wish for more?

Brightness, Force, Justness, Delicacy, Ease,
 Must form that Wit, that can the Ladies please.

No false affected Rules debauch their Taste,

No fruitless Toils their generous Spirits waste,

Which wear a Wit into a Dunce at last.

No lumber-Learning gives an awkward Pride,

False Maxims cramp not, nor false Lights misguide.

Voiture and *W-lsh* their easie Hours employ,

Voiture and *W-lsh* oft read will never cloy.

With Care they guard the Musick of their Style,

They fly from *B--ly*, and converse with *B--le*.

They steal no Terms, no Notions from the Schools,

The Pedant's Pleasure, and the Pride of Fools;

With native Charms their matchless Thoughts surprize,

Soft as their Souls, and beauteous as their Eyes.

Gay as the Light, and unconfin'd as Air,

Chast and Sublime, all worthy of the Fair.

How then can a rough artless *Indian* Wit

The faultless Palates of the Ladies fit?

Codron will never stand so nice a Test,
 Nor is't with Praise fair Mouths oblige him best.
 Let others make a vain Parade of Parts,
 Whilst *Codron* aims not at Applause, but Hearts.
 Secure him those, and thou shalt name the rest,
 Thy Spite shall choose the worst, thy Taste the best.
 He will his Health to *Mirmil's* Care resign,
 He will with *Buxtorf* and with *B—ly* shine,
 And be a Wit in any way, but thine.

An Epigram on Job Travesty'd by the City Bard.

Poor *Job* lost all the Comforts of his Life,
 And hardly sav'd a Potsherd, and a Wife.
 Yet *Job* blest God, and *Job* again was blest,
 His Vertue was Essay'd, and bore the Test.
 But had Heav'n's Wrath pour'd out its fiercest Vial,
 Had he been then Burlesqu'd, without denial
 The patient Man had yielded to that Trial.
 His pious Spouse with *Bl—re* on her side
 Must have prevail'd, and *Job* had curst, and dy'd.

*To the Adventurous Knight of Cheapside, upon his
 Satyr against Wit.*

W hat Frenzy has possess'd thy desp'rate Brain,
 To Rail at Wit in this unhallow'd Strain?
 Reproach of thy own Kind! to slander Sense,
 The noblest Gift bestow'd by Providence!
 Was it Revenge provok'd thee thus to Write,
 Because thou'rt curs'd to such a Dearth of Wit?
 Or was it eager Passion for a Name,
 To be inroll'd among the Fools of Fame?

Like

Like him, who rather, than he'd live obscure,
 Would Fire a Church to make his Name secure;
 Or was it thy Despair at length to find
 Thy Loads of Grief the Sport of ev'ry Wind?
 To see thy hasty Muse, that loves to roam,
 Promise such Journales, but come founder'd home?
 Just Fate of Sots, who think in their vain Breast,
 Their Coffee-Rhimes shall stand the Publick Test;
 Seiz'd with prolifick Dullness, 'tis thy Curse
 To Write still on, and still too for the Worse.

Who hates not *Wes—y*, may Thy Works esteem,
 Both alike able to Disgrace their Theme.
 But Thou, thro' wild Conceit aspiring still,
 Claim'st in Thy Ravings *Esculapian*-skills;
 Quack thou art sure in Both, and curs'd is he,
 Who guided by his adverse Stars to Thee,
 Employs thy deadly Potions to reclaim
 His feeble Health, thy Pen to spread his Fame.

*Upon the Knighting of Sir R— Bl—re, for his
 Incomparable Poem call'd, King ARTHUR.*

BE not puff'd up with Knighthood, Friend of mine,
 A merry Prince once Knighted a Sir-Loyn.
 And, if to make Comparisons 'twere safe,
 An Ox deserv'd it better than a Calf.
 Thy Pride and State I value not a Rush,
 Thou that art now King *Phyz*, wast once King **Ush*.

* Alluding to the two Kings in the Rehearsal.

*Upon King Arthur, partly written in the Doctor's
Coach, and partly in a Coffee-house.*

L Et the malicious Criticks Snarl and Rail,
Arthur immortal is, and must prevail.

In vain they strive to wound him with their Tongue,
The Lifeless *Fetus* can receive no wrong.

As rattling Coach once thunder'd through the Mire,
Out dropt Abortive *Arthur* from his Sire.

Well may he then both Time and Death defie,
For what was never born, can never die.

*Upon seeing a Man light a Pipe of Tobacco in a Coffee-
house, with a Leaf of King Arthur.*

IN Coffee-house begot, the short-liv'd Brat,
By instinct thither hasts to meet his Fate.

The *Phoenix* to *Arabia* thus returns,

And in the Grove, that gave her Birth, she burns.

Thus wandring *Scot*, when through the World he's past,

Revisits ancient *Tweed* with pious haste,

And on Paternal Mountain dies at last.

E

E P I.

EPIGRAM,

*Occasion'd by the Passage in the Satyr against Wit,
that Reflects upon Mr. Tate, and ends thus,*

He's Honest, and, as Wit comes in, will Pay.

Rail on, discourteous Knight. If modest *Tate*
Is slow in making Payments, what of that!
So is th' Exchequer, so are half the Lords,
On whom thou hast bestow'd such Sugar'd Words.
Envy itself must own this Truth of * *Nabum*,
That when the Muses call, he strives to pay 'em.
But can we this of thy damn'd Hackney say,
Who as she nothing has, can nothing pay?
Then be advis'd; Rail not at *Tate* so fast,
A Psalm of his may chance to be thy last.

* *Mr. Tate's Christian Name.*

*A Story of a Greek Chevalier, Predecessor in a
Line to the British Knight.*

When, fir'd by Glory, *Philip's Godlike Son*,
The *Persian* Empire like a Storm o'scrun,
A worthless Scribbler, *Charilus* by Name,
In pompous Dogg'rel soil'd the Hero's Fame.
The Grecian Prince, to Merit ever just,
(For Monarchs did not then Reward on Trust)
Read o're his Rhimes, and to chastise such Trash,
Gave him for each offending Line a Lash.
Thus Bard went off, with many Drubs requited,
That's in plain English, *Charilus* was Knighted.

*To the Pious and Worthy Author of the Satyr against
Wit.*

B *Le* ~~re~~ *grove* long with holy Crafts to please,
Some thought him serious, therefore gave him Fees;
Much Sanctity before his Books He shows,
But, whom his Preface gains, his Poems lose.
No Patients now consult him; thus we find
His Practice with his Poetry's declin'd.

*Melancholy Reflections on the Deficiency of Useful
Learning.*

To Sir R. — Bl. — re.

Short are our Powers, tho' infinite our Will:
What Helps to useful Knowledge want we still!
Laborious *L-ft-r* thirty Years employs
In painful search of Nature's curious Toys:
Yet many a painted Shell, and shining Fly
Must still in Dirt, and dark Oblivion lye.
Mysterious *Sl-ne* may yet go on to stun ye
With * *Cynocrambe*, *Poppy-pye*, *Bumbunny*;
But from what Records can we hope to know
If poor * *Will. Matthew's* Babe's surviv'd or no?
Aeras from costly Mummeries arose,
But who th' important Moment shall disclose
'Till *B-ntl-y* writes of *Greecian* Puppet-shows?
Heralds are paid, and Registers are kept
Of ancient Knights, who in full Glory slept.
But *Garter* nods; *Garter* assigns no Place
To three illustrious Knights of *English* Race:

* See a late Pamphlet call'd, The Transactioneer.

Nor will succeeding *Britains* hear one Word
Of good *Sir-Loin*, *Sir Richard*, or *Sir T—*

To the Canting Author of the Satyr against Wit.

THe Preacher *Maurus* cries, all Wit is vain,
Unless 'tis like his Godliness, for Gain.
Of most vain Things he may the Folly own:
But Wit's a Vanity he has not known.

Friendly Advice to Dr. Bl—

K Nighthood to Hero's only once was due,
Now's the Reward of stupid Praise in you.
Why shou'd a Quack be dubb'd, unless it be
That pois'ning is an Act of Chivalry?
Thus we must own you have your Thousands slain
With the dire Strokes of your resistless Pen,
By whipping Boys your Cruelty began,
And grew by bolder Steps to killing Man.
Just the Reverse of *Dionysius* Fate,
Who fell to flogging Bums from murdering the State.
For both these Trades your Genius far unfit,
At length with sawcy Pride aspires to Wit.
Which by pretending to, you more Disgrace,
Than toasting *Beaus* our ancient *British* Race.
I'th Mountebank the As's had lain conceal'd,
But his loud Braying has the Brute reveal'd.
Such vile Heroics, such unhallow'd Strains
Were never spawn'd before from *Irish* Brains.
Nor drowsy *Mum*, nor dozing *Usquebaugh*
Cou'd e're suggest such Lines to *Sir John Dam*.

You

You weakly Skirmish with the Sins o'th' Age,
And are the errant Scavenger o'th' Stage.

Why Virtue makes no Progress, now is plain,
Because such Knights as you its Cause maintain.
If you'd a Friend to Sense and Virtue be,
And to Mankind, for once be rul'd by me,
Leave Moralizing, Drugs and Poetry.

To Elkanah Settle, the City-Poet.

Wilt thou then passive see the Sacred Bays
Torn from thy Brows in thy declining Days,
And tamely let a Quack usurp thy Place,
So near *Guild-hall*, and in my Lord *May'r's* Face?
Rouse up for Shame, assert thy ancient Right,
And from his City-quarters drive the Knight.
Let Father * *Jordan* Martial Heat inspire,
And Unkle * *Tubman* fill thy Breast with Fire.
If *Bl—re* cries, Both *Arthurs* are my own;
Quote thou the fam'd *Cambyses*, and Pope *Joan*.
Cheapside at once two Bards can ne'er allow,
But either He must Abdicate, or Thou.
Then if the Knight still keeps up his Pretence,
E'en turn Physician in thy own Defence.
'Tis own'd by all the Criticks of our Time,
Thou canst as well Prescribe, as *Bl—re* Rhime.

* Two Famous City-Poets.

To the Author of the Satyr against Wit, upon concealing his Name.

HE that in *Arthur's* Trash has Penance done,
Needs not be told who writ this vile Lampoon.
In both the same eternal Dullness shines,
Inspires the Thoughts, and animates the Lines.
In both the same lewd Flattery we find,
The Praise defaming, and the Satyr kind.
Alike the Numbers, Fashion, and Design,
No Checquer-Tallies cou'd more nicely joyn.
Thy foolish Muse puts on her Mask too late,
We know the Strumpet by her Voice and Gate.

On Job newly Travestied by Sir R— Bl—.

NEAR *Lethe's* Banks, where the forgetful Stream
With lazy Motion creeps, and seems to Dream,
Job with his thoughtful Friends discoursing fate
Of all the dark mysterious Turns of Fate:
And much they argued why Heaven's partial Care
The Good shou'd punish, and the Bad shou'd spare:
When lo! a Shade, new landed, forward prest,
And thus himself to listning *Job* Address:

Illustrious Ghost! (I come not to upbraid)
Oh summon all thy Patience to thy Aid:
A *Cheapside* Quack, whose vile unhallow'd Pen
With equal Licence Murders Rhimes and Men,
In rumbling Fustian has burlesqu'd thy Page,
And fam'd *Jack D-nt-n* brings it on the Stage,

Was

Was ever Man, the patient *Job* did cry,
 So plagu'd with curst Messengers, as I?
 All other Losses, unconcern'd I bore,
 But never heard such Stabbing News before.
 Who can behold the Issue of his Brain
 Mangled by barbarous Hands, and not complain?
 This scribbling Quack (his Fame I know too well
 By Thousand Ghosts whom he has sent to Hell)
 Dull *Satan's* feebl' Malice will refine,
 And Stab me through and through in every Line.
 The Devil more brave, did open War declare,
 The fawning Poet kills, and speaks me fair.
 Curs'd be the Wretch, that taught him first to Write,
 And with lewd Pen and Ink indulg'd his Spite:
 That fly-blow'd the young Bard with buzzing Rhymes,
 And fill'd his tender Ears with *Grubstreet* Chimes.
 Curs'd be the Paper-Mill his Muse employs,
 Curs'd be the Sot who on his Skill relies.

Thus *Job* complain'd, but to forget his Grief,
 In *Lethe's* Sov'raign Streams he sought Relief.

To Sir R—— Bl—— upon his *Unhappy Talent* at
Praising and Railing.

THine is the only Muse in *British* Ground
 Whose Satyr tickles, and whose Praises wound:
 Sure *Hebrew* first was taught her by her Nurse,
 Where the same Word is used to Bless and Curse.

To Dr. Garth, on the Fourth Edition of his incomparable Poem, The Dispensary; Occasion'd by some Lines in the Satyr against Wit.

BOld thy Attempt, in these hard Times to raise
 In our unfriendly Clime the tender Bays,
 While Northern Blasts drive from the Neighb'ring Flood,
 And nip the springing Lawrel in the Bud.
 On such bleak Paths our present Poets tread,
 The very Garland withers on each Head.
 In vain the Critics strive to Purge the Soil,
 Fertile in Weeds it mocks their busie Toil.
 Spontaneous Crops of *Jobs* and *Arthurs* rise,
 Whose tow'ring Non-sense braves the very Skies:
 Like Paper-kites the empty Volumes fly,
 And by meer force of Wind are rais'd on high.

While we did these with stupid Patience spare,
 And from *Apollo's* Plants withdrew our Care,
 The *Muses* Garden did small Product yield,
 But Hemp, and Hemlock over-ran the Field;
 'Till skilful *Garth*, with Salutary Hand,
 Taught us to Weed, and Cure Poetic Land,
 Grubb'd up the Brakes, and Thistles, which he found,
 And sow'd with Verse, and Wit the Sacred Ground.
 But now the Riches of that Soil appear,
 Which Four fair Harvests yields in Half a Year.

No more let Critics of the Want complain
 Of *Mantuan* Verse, or the *Mæonian* Strain;
 Above them *Garth* do's on their Shoulders rise,
 And, what our Language wants, his Wit supplies.

Fam'd

Fam'd Poets after him shall strain their Throats;
And unfledg'd Muses chirp their Infant-notes.

Yes *Garth*: thy Enemies confess thy Store,
They burst with Envy, yet they long for more:
Ev'n we, thy Friends, in doubt thy Kindness call;
To see thy Stock so large, and Gift so small.
But Jewels in small Cabinets are laid,
And richest Wines in little Casks convey'd.

Let lumpish *Bl——re* his dull Hackney freight,
And break his Back with heavy Folio's weight.
His *Pegasus* is of the *Flanders* Breed,
And Limb'd for Draught, or Burthen, not for Speed.
With Cart-horse Trot he sweats beneath the Pack
Of Rhiming Prose, and Knighthood on his Back:
Made for a Drudge, e'en let him beat the Road,
And tug of senseless Rheams th' Heroic Load;
Till overstrain'd the Jade is set, and tires,
And sinking in the Mud with Groans expires.

Then *Bl——re* shall this Favour owe to thee,
That thou perpetuat'st his Memory.
Bavius and *Mævius* so their Works survive,
And in one single Line of *Virgil's* live.

On Sir R—— *Bl——re's* Noble Project to Erect a
Bank of Wit.

THe Thought was great, and worthy of a Cit,
In present Dearth, to erect a Bank of Wit.
Thus breaking Trades-men, ready for a Jayl,
Raise Millions for our Senate o're their Ale.

But thou'rt declar'd a Bankrupt, and thy Note
 Even in old *Grub-street* scarce wou'd fetch a Groat.
Apollo scorns thy Project, and the *Nine*
 With Indignation laugh at thy Design.
 There's not a Trader to the Sacred *Hill*
 But knows thy Wants, and would Protest thy Bill;
 Thy Credit can't a Farthing there Command,
 Though *Fr—ke* and *R—m—r* shou'd thy Sureties stand.

To Sir *R— Bl—re*, on the two Wooden Horses be-
 fore *Sadlers-hall*

A S trusty Broom-staff Midnight Witch bestrides,
 When on some Grand Dispatch of Hell she rides,
 O're gilded Pinacles, and lofty Towers,
 And tallest Pines with furious hast she scours,
 Out flies in her Career the lab'ring Wind,
 And fees spent Exhalations lag behind.
 Arriving at the Black *Divan* at last
 In some drear Wood, or solitary Wast:
 The Fiend her cheated Senses does delude,
 With airy Visions of imagin'd Food.
 Ev'n so, dear Knight, (my Freedom you'll Excuse,
 If to a Witch I have compar'd your Muse)
 Ev'n so on Wooden Prancer, mounted high,
 Your Muse takes nimble Journeys in the Sky.
 When in her boldest Strains, and highest Flights,
 She Sings of strange Adventures, and Exploits,
 Battles, Enchantments, Furies, Devils, and Knights;
 When she at *Arthur's* Fairy Table dines,
 And high-pil'd Dishes sees, and generous Wines.

'Twas kindly done of the good-natur'd Cits
 To Place before thy Door a Brace of Tits.

For

For *Pegasus* wou'd ne're endure the weight
 Of such a Quibbling, Scribbling, Dribbling Knight :
 That generous Steed, rather than gaul his Back
 With a Pedantic Bard, and Nauseous Quack,
 Wou'd kneel to take a Pedlar and his Pack.

To a Famous Doctor and Poet at Sadlers-hall.

IF Wit (as we are told) be a Disease,
 And if Physicians Cure by Contraries:
 Bl—re alone the healing Secret knows,
 'Tis from his Pen the grand *Elixir* flows.

*To the Cheap-side Quack: occasion'd by this Verse in
 the Satyr against Wit,*

“Who with more ease can cure than C—ch kill.

By a Gentleman whom Dr. C—lb—ch had cur'd of the Gout.

HOW durst thy railing Muse, vain Wretch, pretend
 In base Lampoon thus to abuse my Friend!
 Whose Sacred Art has freed me from my Pains,
 And broke a haughty Tyrant's stubborn Chains?
 Keep off, for if thou com'st within my Clutches,
 I'll bast thy Knighthood with my Quondam Crutches.
 The generous Wine that does my Sorrows drown,
 The charming *Celia* that my Nights does crown,
 The manly Pleasures of the sporting Fields,
 The gay Delights the pompous *Drama* yields,
 All this, and more to his great Skill I owe,
 Such Blessings can thy Boasted Helps bestow?
 The Snuff of Life perhaps thy feeble Art
 May fondly lengthen to thy Patient's smart.

But

But Health no more 'tis in thy Power to give,
Than thy dull Muse can make her Heroes live.

Ev'n War and Plague of Killing, to arraign
In thee, is most nonsensical and vain.
Thee, who a branded Killer art declar'd,
In both Capacities of Quack and Bard.
Whatever Sots to thy Prescriptions fly,
For their vain Confidence are sure to die :
And whate'er Argument thy Muse employs,
Her awkward stupid Management destroys.
Death with sure steps thy Doses still attends,
And Death too follows whom thy *Muse* commends.
What can escape thy All-destroying Quill,
When ev'n thy Cordials, and thy Praises kill ?
Thy Mother sure, when in Despair and Pain
She brought thee forth, thought of the Murd'rer Cain.

*To that most incomparable Bard and Quack, the Au-
thor of the Satyr against Wit.*

I Charge thee, Knight, in great *Apollo's* Name,
If thou'rt not dead to all Reproof and Shame,
Either thy Rhimes, or Clysters to disclaim.
Both are too much one feeble Brain to rack,
Besides the Bard will soon undo the Quack.
Such Shoals of Readers thy damn'd Fustian kills,
Thou'lt scarce leave one alive to take thy Pills.

Epigram upon King Arthur.

THe *British Arthur*, as Historians tell,
 Deriv'd his Birth from *Merlin's Magic Spell*.
 When *Uter*, taking the wrong'd Husband's Shape,
 On fair *Igerne* did commit a Rape.

But modern *Arthur* of the *Cheapside Line*,
 May justly boast his Parentage Divine.
 Wearing thy *Phyz*, and in thy Habit drest,
 The God of Dullness his lewd Dam comprest.

A merry Ballad on the City Bard,

To a New Play-house Tune.

IN *London City* near *Cheapside*
 A wondrous Bard does dwell,
 Whose *Epics* (if they're not bely'd)
 Do *Virgil's* far excell :
 A sprightly Wit, and Person joyn'd,
 Both Poet and Physician :
 Artist as famous in his kind,
 For ought I know, as *Titian*.
 In Coffee-houses purest Air
 His foggy Lines he Writes :
 In Fields of Dust and Spittle there
 His *British* Heroe Fights.
 By sudden Motion then o'reta'ne,
 The Privy-house he chooses :
 Great are his Thoughts, and great his Pain,
 And yet no Time he loses.
 Grip'd in his Guts and Muse, he there Indites,
 And Praises *Arthur* most, when most he Sh—

H

An

*An Epitome of a Poem, truly call'd, A Satyr against
Wit; done for the Undecerving of some Readers,
who have mistaken the Panegyrick in that Immortal
Work for the Satyr, and the Satyr for the Pane-
gyrick.*

WHo can forbear and tamely silent sit, l. 1. p. 3.
And see his Native Land as void of Wit l. 2.
As every Piece the City-Knight has Writ?
How happy were the old unpolish'd Times, l. 13.
As free from Wit, as other Modern Crimes, l. 14.
And what is more from, Bl——re's nauseous Rhimes.
As our Fore-Fathers Vig'rous were and Brave, l. 15.
So they were Virtuous, Wise, Discreet and Grave, l. 16.
And wou'd have call'd our Quack a fawning Slave.
Clodpate, by Banks, and Stocks, and Projects bit, l. 5. p. 5.
Turns up his Whites, and in his Pious Fit, l. 6.
He Cheats and Prays, a certain sign of Cit. l. 7.
Craper runs madly midst the thickest Crowd, l. 8.
Sometimes says nothing, sometimes talks aloud.
Under the Means he lies, frequents the Stage, l. 10.
Is very lewd, and does at Learning rage, l. 11.
And this vile Stuff we find in every Page.
A Bant'ring Spirit, has our Men possess'd, l. 20.
And Wisdom is become a standing Jest, l. 21.
Which is a burning Shame I do protest.
Wit does of Virtue sure Destruction make, l. 22.
Who can produce a Wit, and not a Rake? l. 23.
A Challenge started ne're but by a Quack.
The Mob of Wits is up to storm the Town, l. 1. p. 6.
To pull all Virtue and right Reason down, l. 2.
Then to surprize the Tower, and steal the Crown,
And the lewd Crew affirm, by all that's good, l. 15.
They'll ne're disperse till they have B——re's Blood; l. 16.
But they'll ne're have his Brains, by good King Lud. For

For that industrious Bard of late has done *l. 16. p. 6.*
 The rarest Piece of Wit that e're was shown, *l. 17.*
 And publish'd Dogg'rel he's ashamed to own.
 The Skilful T-f-n's Name they dare Invade, — *l. 31. p. 6.*
 And yet they are undone without his Aid; — *l. 2.*
 Did they read thee, I shou'd conclude them Mad.
 T-f-n with base Reproaches they pursue, *l. 1. p. 7.*
 Just as his Moor-fields Patients us'd to do, *l. 4.*
 Who give to T-f-n, what is T-f-n's due.
 Wit does enfeeble and debauch the Mind,
 Before to Business or to Arts inclin'd; *l. 7.*
 Then thou wilt never be Debauch'd, I find. — *l. 8.*
 Had S-rs, H-t, or T-y, who with awe *l. 15; 16; 17; 18.*
 We Name, been Wits, they ne're had learn'd the Law.
 But sure this Compliment's not worth a Straw.
 The Law will ne're support the bant'ring Breed,
 Tho' Blockheads may, yet Wits can ne're succeed, *l. 22.*
 For which Friend Sl-ne I hope will break thy Head! *l. 23.*
 R-ff has Wit and lavishes away *l. 24.*
 So much in nauseous Northern Brogue each Day,
 As wou'd suffice to Damn a Smithfield-Play.
 Wit does our Schools and Colleges invade, *l. 20. p. 8.*
 And has of Letters vast Destruction made, *l. 21.*
 But that it spoils thy Learning, can't be said.
 That such a Failure no Man may incense, *l. 17. p. 10.*
 Let us erect a Bank for Wit and Sense: *l. 18.*
 And so set up at other Mens Expence.
 Let S-r, D-t, S-ld, M-gue *l. 21.*
 Lend but their Names the Project then will do: *l. 22.*
 What! Lend 'em such a Bankrupt Wretch as you.
 Duncombs and Claytons of Parnassus all, *l. 27;*
 Who cannot sink, unless the Hill shou'd fall, *l. 28.*
 Why then, they need but go to Sadlers-hall.

St. *E-m-t*, to make the thing compleat, *l. 21. p. 9.*
 No English *knows*, and therefore is most fit
 To oversee the Coining of our Wit. *l. 22.*
 Nor shall *M—rs*, *W—tt*, *Ch-rl-tt* be forgot,
 With solid *Fr—ke* and *R—r* and *who Not*?
 Then all our Friends the Actions shall cry up, *l. 6. p. 12.*
 And all the railing Mouths of Envy stop. *l. 7.*
Wou'd we cou'd Padlock thine, Eternal Fop.
 The Project then will *T—tts* Test abide, *l. 11. p. 16.*
 And with his Mark please all the World beside. *l. 12.*
But dare thy Arthurs by this Test be tried?
 Then what will *D-d-n*, *G—h*, or *C-ng--ve* say *l. 27. p. 9.*
 When all their wicked Mixture's purg'd away? *l. 28.*
Thy Metal's baser than their worst Alloy.
 What will become of *S-th-n*, *W--ch--y* *l. 29.*
 Who by this means will grievous Sufferers be? *l. 30.*
No matter, they'll ne're send a Brief to Thee.
 All these debauch'd by *D—n* and his Crew *l. 22. p. 12.*
 Turn Bawds to Vice, and wicked Aims pursue: *l. 23.*
To hear thee Cant wou'd make ev'n B——fs Spem.
 For now an honest Man can't peep abroad, *l. 9. p. 13.*
 Nor a chaste Muse, but *whip* They bring a Rod. *l. 16.*
 E'n *Atticus* himself these Men wou'd Curse, *l. 5. p. 14.*
 Shou'd *Atticus* appear without his Purse, *l. 6.*
If this be Praise, what Libel can say Worse?
 Nay *Darfell* too, shou'd he forbear to treat, *l. 7. p. 14.*
 These Men, that Cry him up, their Words wou'd Eat, *l. 8.*
And say in Scorn, He had no Brains to beat.

F I N I S.

ADVERTISEMENT.

U Pon the Publishing of *Job* and *Habakkuk*, an Heroic Poem daily expected, but deferr'd upon Political Reasons, new Subscription-books will be open'd at *Will's* Coffee-house in *Covent-garden*, and all Gentlemen, that are willing to Subscribe, are desired to send in their *Quota's*.

A Lent-Entertainment : Or, A Merry Interview by Moon-light, betwixt a Ghost and the City-Bard.

P*Habus* the witty, gay and bright,
Was sunk beneath his tedious Light,
And *Nature* had her Curtain's drawn
O're half the World of Sable-lawn;
The *Fairies* in the gloomy Shade
Danc'd Minuets, while *Hobgoblins* play'd;
The weary *Clown* with Toil oppress'd
Renews his Strength by grateful Rest;
Not so the Bosoms of the *Great*,
Whom Guilt and Cares corrode and eat,
This swets beneath *Ambition's* Itch,
And that by *Frauds* and *Rapines* rich;
'Tother profusely wastes his Time,
Nay cracks his Brains to get a *Rhime*;
While various Mortals thus contrive
By Blood, and Factions how to thrive;
No smaller Pangs our *Doctor* seiz'd
How to scan *Verse*, than cure *Diseas'd*;
He long implor'd *Apollo's* Aid,
To save the *Sick*, and sing the *Dead*;
(To him both Attributes are due
Of *Poet*, and *Physician* too)
The angry *God* his Incense spurn'd,
And in a Fury from him turn'd.
While the neglected *Altars* smoakt,
The *Priest* himself was almost choakt:
The *Bard*, sunk down with his Despair,
Blasphem'd all Wit, and tore his Hair:
But yet his Folly to evince,
He with *King Arthur* backt his *Prince*,
And humbly begging both their Aids,
He thus address'd the Royal Shades:

Ye mighty *Heroes* of your Times,
Who cannot *Dye* but by my *Rhimes*;
'Tis too too much that you shou'd frown,
Since every *Poet* knocks me down;
Goodness waits always on the *Brave*;
Sure there's no Malice in the *Grave*:
Where have I done your Honours Wrong,
Either in Record, or in Song?
Alas, 'twas never in my *Will*,
And 'tis no Crime to have no *Skill*.

As he proceed'd to rehearse
The *Hardships* put upon his *Verse*,
And humbly crav'd both *Arthurs* Leaves
To pin his Fame upon their Sleeves;
Lo! and 'twas wondrous to behold
(And can't be without Terror told)

Of huge Size, a *Laureat* Wight
Came prancing in from *Stygian*-night:
The wooden *Machine* at the Door
Neigh'd thrice, in Homage to his Power:
His ghastly Brows with *Bays* were bound,
The Product of *sulphureous* Ground;
His Eye-balls glow'd like red-hot *Bricks*,
And in his Hand a Quart of *Styx*;
Such *liquid* Flames, such *solid* Fire,
Many wou'd fear, but all admire.
The Bars, and Bolts, and Locks: Oh Wonder!
All of *themselves* burst quite afunder.
When he was to the Bed-side come,
The *Bard* was struck with *Horror* dumb;
The gentle Ghost advanc'd his Arm,
And told him, *Brother*, there's no harm;
Come, thy *dejected* Spirits chear,
Who sing of *Heroes* shou'd not fear.

He wipt his Face, and trembling said,
I was surpris'd, but not afraid;
Those verdant *Bays* that crown your Brows,
Your *Candour*, and your *Goodness* shows:
Poets are harmless, gay, and kind,
And shou'd be to each other blind;
Since you are than a *Son* of *Fame*,
Forgive my *Freedom*—What's your Name?
Tho' *scoundrel* Poets here harra's us,
You look like *Prator* of *Parnassus*;
And since a Bard of t'other World,
More *Goodness* has you hether hurld,
And you to my *Assistance* come,
To supersede my *rigid* Doom,
You know, wise Sir— Yes, very well,
Quoth *Spright* that you're the *News* of Hell,
The *Scandal* of the *rhiming* Crew,
I blush to have been rankt with you;
My *Rhimes* with me were long since rotten,
And, but for *Arthurs*, quite forgotten;
In your *curs'd* Poems I *revive*,
And now again in *Scandal* live:
Pray what has poor *Habakkuk* done,
Thus to be *last* in your *Lampoon*?
His Character you shou'd have spar'd,
He was a *Prophet* not a *Bard*.
Job too does in your Poems languish
And suffer almost *hellish* Anguish.
Were he now *living*, and thy *Theme*,
He cou'd not help, but must *blaspheme*.

Sir, by your Favour, quoth the *Bard*,
Your *Censures* are unjust and hard;
I've done them *Honour*, as I think,
Or let my *Name* for ever stink.

Why that's most *certain*, quoth the *Spright*,
And thou'rt a *Coxcomb* by this *Light*,
So empty, senseless, and so dull,
Thou'rt every *School-boy's* *Ridicule*.
A damn'd *Reproach* to *Verse* and *Prose*,
As well as the *Galleys* *Dose*.

What! saith the *Doctor*, in a *Fury*,
I no *Physician*! — I assure you
Diseases run from me affrighted;
My *Skill's* so great, that I am *Knighted*;
Such vast *Discoveries* I have made
Throughout the *Escalapean* *Trade*,

The *Cits* applaud, their *Wives* adore,
My numerous *Verse* and *Medic* *Power*.

Come, thou'rt a *Stoundrel*, quoth the *Ghost*,
Of *Wit* and *Cures* alike you boast;
Know I am *Mavius*, that of old,
In *Thoughts* sublime and *Matter* bold,
Did every *versifying* *Ass*,
By a *Bar's* length at least, *surpass*;
And only am *out-done* by you.
In lofty *Noise* and *Nonsense* too:
Then *Mavius* tore his wither'd *Bays*,
And threw 'em in the *Doctor's* *Face*;
Who, being *scar'd* at such a *Scene*,
Has promis'd ne're to *Write* agen.

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